



The Quincy Union.

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—BY—
W. W. KELLOGG.

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[SHOP—Opposite the Court House.]
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WORK done to order on short notice, and on reasonable terms.

ORIENTAL SALOON.
ROUND VALLEY,
PLUMAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

N. P. TRUCKS, Prop'r.
THE BEST BRANDS OF WINES, LIQUORS
and Cigars always on hand. 40-4f.

THOMAS HUGHES,
Dealer in all kinds of
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

SODA BAR.
LAST BRANCH OF FEATHER RIVER.
THE HOTEL attached to the Store, will be kept open for the accommodation of the public. 23-4f

H. C. BIDWELL,
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Provisions, Liquors, &c.,
GREENVILLE, PLUMAS CO., CAL. 24-5m

THOMPSON & KELLOGG,
DEALERS IN
Groceries, Provisions, Liquors, Hardware,
Iron, Steel, Crockery, Clothing,
Boots and Shoes.

Spanish Ranch.

Quincy Union.

"Independent in all Things—Neutral in Nothing."

VOL. 4. QUINCY, PLUMAS CO., CAL., SATURDAY, MAR. 17, 1866. NO. 20.

Business Advertisements.

C. T. KAULBACK,

—Dealer in all kinds of—

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING, FANCY GOODS,

FURNISHING GOODS,
YANKEE NOTIONS, CARPETING,

BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,

Provisions, Groceries, Liquors,
DRUGS & MEDICINES,

HARDWARE, WOODEN WARE,
PAINTS, OILS, &c., &c.

QUINCY, PLUMAS CO., CAL.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Quincy and vicinity that he is now receiving a large stock of goods of all kinds which he offers for sale at the LOWEST PRICES for cash.

Parties who wish to purchase goods for cash, can buy their supplies at CHEAPER prices than they can send to the lower county and get them.

Call and examine my stock of goods and the prices, and satisfy yourselves of the fact.
C. T. KAULBACK.
Quincy, June 15th, 1865. 31-4f

WM. H. MILLER, W. BUNNELL.
Quincy, June 15th, 1865. 31-4f

MILLER & BUNNELL.
Butt Valley, Plumas Co., Cal.

GENERAL DEALERS
—in all kinds of—

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
LIQUORS,

SEGARS,
TOBACCO,

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,
Hats and Caps,

HARDWARE, YANKEE NOTIONS, &c., &c.

MEAT MARKET.
A good supply of Meat of all kinds can always be found at our Market near the Store. 28-4f

CUNNINGHAM & HOLTHOUSE,
—DEALERS IN—

General Merchandise.
[Corner of Main and Nelson Streets.]

Taylorville, Plumas Co., Cal.
WE HAVE A LARGE STOCK OF FALL and Winter Goods, embracing the latest Styles & Patterns,

to which we invite the attention of the Public in general. v2 8-4f

CORSON & TRASK,
Main Street,
Taylorville,
PLUMAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

Orders Solicited. 38-4f

QUINCY BREWERY.

LAGER BEER
Of the best quality. For sale by the Keg or Bottle
NESENN & SCHLATTER.
Quincy Oct. 27, 1862. 3-4f

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING PURCHASED
of Mr. Akerman his well known and long established Brewery in this place, respectfully informs the people of Plumas and the adjoining counties that they will keep on hand a constant supply of

MEAT MARKET,
Main street, opposite the Court House.

A GOOD SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS OF MEATS
of the best quality, constantly on hand.
JAS. E. EDWARDS.
Quincy, Jan. 28, '63—als-4f

The Quincy Union.

QUINCY, PLUMAS CO., CAL.
SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1866.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.
NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!
TWO PAPERS A YEAR FOR FIVE DOLLARS!!

WE propose after this date, until further notice is given, to furnish each subscriber, who pays Five Dollars cash, in advance, for the QUINCY UNION, with a copy, for One Year, of THE AMERICAN STATESMAN AND HOME JOURNAL, a newspaper published in New York City. It is a Family Journal, National in Politics, Independent in Religion, and full of News.—Agriculture, Horticulture, Polite Literature, Poetry, Humor, Wit and General Intelligence. It is a first-rate Home paper, published weekly, and is now in its 13th volume.

Remember, every subscriber, who pays in advance for One Year's subscription to the UNION, will thereby receive, in addition, a copy of THE AMERICAN STATESMAN, for one year.

Quincy, March 3, 1866.

A NEW INVENTION.—George L. Griffin and T. K. Hays, says the Red Bluff Observer, have applied for a patent for a machine recently invented by them for unloading and stacking hay and grain. We examined a small model of the machine a few days ago, and we have no doubt it will prove one of the most successful labor-saving inventions ever produced by American genius for the farm.

It is simple in construction and the materials used are cheap, so that \$100 will place a machine in perfect order for working, including compensation for patents. A load of hay or grain may be stacked in one minute by one man, and there is no waste around the stack. A false bed is placed in a wagon, and when driven alongside of the stack, the entire load is lifted upon the stack, and placed wherever desired. A stack may be made 40 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 20 feet high, and, if necessary, larger or smaller. Every farmer will see at a glance the great saving of time, labor, grain and money, to be effected by the use of this simple contrivance.

Messrs. Griffin & Hays will be prepared to fill orders for these machines the coming harvest. We understand they will permit farmers to construct their own, by paying a small fee for the privilege, and will sell the patent right for counties. A model may be seen at Griffin's store, one door south of the postoffice, Red Bluff.

WORTHLESS ARMY CLOTHING. Much of the army clothing lately forwarded to this department from the East has proved to be unfit for use, in consequence of which, says the Bulletin, Gen. Halleck has issued an order that hereafter all army supplies arriving from the East shall be thoroughly re-inspected at this post, and detailed reports made of all articles condemned, stating whether the goods were originally defective, or damaged in transportation; the names of the manufacturers and inspectors by what Quartermaster they were purchased and sent here, and all other information necessary for the detection and punishment of the frauds now practiced upon the Government.

HOX. A. A. SARGENT, in a speech in Nevada City, the other evening, took the position that Andrew Johnson was not eligible to the Vice Presidency when elected, and therefore not now to the Presidency, unless Tennessee was a State within the Union.

Exchange.

Emperor Norton has also defined his position. Who so "lunatic" that this privilege, dear to every American citizen, can be denied him? The Emp. says if the people will not support Mr. Johnson, they should now recognize his claims to the "Empire," as he out-rivals all others in the field. Norton's "position" is the most sensible of the two. —Cal. Police Gazette.

We concur.

REJECTED.—The people of Napa county have rejected by a vote of two to one, a proposition submitted by an act of the Legislature, to subscribe \$10,000 a mile for a proposed railroad running through the valley. The bill contained many objectionable features. Had it been approved, the county would have virtually built the road, and had no control in its management. —[Exchange].

The Yuba Gap Road Bill has been defeated by the voters of Sierra county.

WON'T LET UP.—"J. W. S." the Bulletin's Washington correspondent, never will let up on the noble and lamented Baker. Under the pretense of vindicating Stone, he persists in his attempts to blacken the memory of Baker. "J. W. S." is a mean, venomous and ignoble creature.—[S. F. Dramatic Chronicle].

VERBOSITY.—It is in vogue in London. A young woman threw a tumbler full of the face of a young man there, lately, burning and disfiguring him in the most frightful manner.

PACIFIC MONTHLY.—It may be interesting to the friends of Lisle Taylor to know that the publisher of the Pacific Monthly is lecturing in Wisconsin.—[Messenger].

The vote on the Yuba railroad was very unanimous in its favor, and work will shortly be commenced.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

BY HOOD.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,
My curtains drawn and my legs snug;
Old Pass is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

She looked so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo and love her well;
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done!
Away we went in chaise and four,
As fast as gilding boys could jog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

What loving tete-a-tetes to come!
But tete-a-tetes must still defer!
When Susan came to live with her,
Her mother came to live with her!
Her sister Belle she couldn't part,
But all my time had to be spent—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

The mother brought a pretty peck—
A monkey, too, what work he made!
The sister introduced a beau—
My Susan brought a favorite maid.
She had a laby of her own—
A snappish mongrel christened Gog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

The monkey bit—the parrot screeched,
All day the sister stammered and sung;
The petted maid was such a scold!
My Susan learned to use her tongue;
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sat and croaked like any frog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

No longer Deary, Duck and Love,
I soon came down to simple "M!"
The very servants crossed my wish,
My Susan let me down to sleep.
The peck & hardly second my own,
I might as well have been a log—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape,
Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were the oddest ways!
My friends were such a queer set!
Poor Tomkinson was snubbed and buffed,
She could not bear that Mr. Blogg—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

At times we had a little spar, and then
Mamma must mingle in the song—
The maid declared her master wrong—
The parrot learned to call me "Fool!"
My life was like a London fog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

My Susan's tale was so sublime,
As proved by bills that had no end;
I never had a decent coat—
I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my club,
Lay down my pipe, renounce my grog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a bout
To top the list, a noisy list;
And when I tried to steal away,
I found my study full of whist!
Then, first to come, and last to go,
There always was a Captain Hogg—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

Naw was not that an awful dream
For who who single is and snug?
With Pussy in the elbow-chair,
And Tray reposing on the rug!
If I must totter down the hill,
'Tis safest done without a dog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

CHINAMEN AS CITIZENS.—The Tuolumne Courier says: "The proposed amendment to the Naturalization Bill declares that all persons born within the United States shall be deemed citizens, without respect to race or color. This clause of the amendment, if incorporated with the bill and made a law, will give the coming generation of Chinamen born here the rights of citizenship, and if not revoked, in fifty years will place the State under the control of the long-tailed gentry, who would transform the new Capitol into a gigantic laundry, and repeat all laws relating to chicken-stealing and sluice-robbing. We are rather liberal in our views concerning citizenship, but we think it would be a little too much of the monkey to allow American ballot-boxes to be stuffed with Chinese wash-tickets. This Mongolian scum can never be elevated to a tolerable grade of humanity, and all the philanthropic tinkering in the world will not change them one iota from what they are—a stinking, thieving set of brutes."

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON THE SITUATION.—Henry Ward Beecher in his recent address says that the negroes of the South have an inherent and inalienable right to vote, and that any system of reconstruction which deprives them of that right is wrong. He thinks the negroes' right to vote ought to be guaranteed by a Constitutional amendment, and so secured by law. Having thus placed himself, he next proceeds to overturn himself by advocating the restoration of the Southern States' representatives to seats in Congress, just as they are, trusting to the laws of labor, supply and demand, self-interest, gravitation and divers other generalities, to secure a ballot for the freedmen, by and by.

FOUND DEAD.—Yesterday morning, at daylight, says the Nevada Transcript, of the 6th, John Oregon was found dead between the Gold Hill mill and Boston Ravine, in the middle of the street, near Grass Valley. Deceased was found lying on his face and it was thought he was asleep, but on examination it was ascertained that he was dead. He was seen in a saloon at Grass Valley, late on Sunday night. He was about 35 years of age. The cause of his death is not known.

AN INCIDENT.—Our train rolled out from the Union depot in the early part of the night, bound for the North. The weather was just sufficiently cool to make one feel agreeable in good company. The whistle sounded for the first station north of the Hoosier Capital. As usual, everybody poked their heads out to see something, if it was there. "Just married," spoke an old lady, as she drew her head in, after satisfying womanly curiosity, and who could see further into a mill stone than any one else of our party.

Every one was satisfied that the old lady was correct, as they witnessed the "hugs and busses" on the give and take principle, and saw the surviving relatives climbing into their country wagons. The conductor passed the new couple to a seat, and the cars rolled swiftly away. The first parting had been gone through with, and the dear old home and the loved ones there could be seen only by the eye of memory.

The fair young bride had forsaken home, parents and all that was dear to her youthful heart, for the one she had an hour before pledged her love forever. She had given up everything for the one she believed was dearer than all the world beside. The brightest picture of joy and life dazzled her eyes to the sorrow and grief of the future.

An hour had passed, and passengers were getting drowsy. Many began to change positions, and fold themselves up, cot fashion, one to another, he notified them of a chance for a good rest in the rear car. At length, he came to the groom and bride. "Double berth in the sleeping car, you can have if you wish—nice bed and falling curtains," said the conductor. The bride blushed, and covered her face with her handkerchief. Her husband, however, did not seem to care, and he rested upon him, spoke more love than one can write in two weeks. Her swelling bosom told of the heart that was struggling to leap from its prison house, to embrace the object of its affection. "What does it cost in sleeping cars?" asked the new husband. "Only one dollar and a half," answered the conductor. The husband commenced calculating. He was in deep study. The wife felt as any other woman would feel under like circumstances, and looked a basket full of bitter cherries. But, oh, the ugly curse she had chosen for life! "Would that some humane being had served him as a refuse pup, and drowned him when he was first born, for he had not sense enough to enjoy life, and was so mean and stingy that he would not give one dollar and a half of 'rascality' to sleep with his beautiful and loving wife the night they were married." —[Sunday Mercury].

THE BLACK SURPRISE.—Some weeks since, when Lucetta Borgia was done with slow murder at an Eastern theater, the deathlike silence which prevailed was suddenly interrupted by the sobbing of some tender-hearted female whose sympathetic soul was keenly alive to the unfortunate condition of the aforesaid victims. A modest young man began to be interested in discovering the female whose heart, like his own, was so susceptible to human feelings.

While the young Romeo was looking round for the party, and scanning the countenances of the fair ones, he thought he experienced a sensation as if some thing was upon his head. Raising his hand, he found to his delight, that some young lady had dropped her cambric handkerchief from the box above. Our young Romeo soon began to discover that there was an opportunity for him to display his gallantry; he arose, and after privately pressing the cambric to his lips, extended it delicately secured between the tips of his fingers, for the claimant to take possession of. At this moment a head protruded over the gallery above and cried in a low but distinct tone, "Check it up, sah!" The young man suddenly turned round, and beheld the blackest wench that ever white man looked upon. It is needless to add that he dropped almost lifeless into his seat, and a favored few who chanced to witness this ludicrous scene, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

THE RICHMOND HOAX.—One of the best practical jokes in Theodore Hook's clever "Gilbert Gurney" is Daly's hoax upon the lady who had never been at Richmond before, or at least, knew none of the peculiarities of the place. Daly desired the waiter, after dinner, to bring some "maids of honor"—those cheese cakes for which the place has, time out of mind, been celebrated. The lady stared, then laughed, and asked, "What do you mean by 'maids of honor'?" "Dear me!" said Daly, "Don't you know that this is so courtly a place, and so completely under the influence of State etiquette, that everything in Richmond is called after the functionaries of the palace? What are called cheese-cakes, elsewhere, are here called 'maids of honor'; a capon is called a Lord Chamberlain; a goose is a Lord Steward; a roast pig is a Master of the Horse; a pair of ducks, Groons of the Bechamber; a gooseberry tart, a Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and so on. The unsophisticated lady was taken in, when she actually saw the Maids of Honor make their appearance in the shape of cheese-cakes; she convulsed the whole party by turning to the waiter and desiring him, in a sweet but decided tone, to bring her a 'Gentleman of the Black Rod,' if they had one in the house, quite cold!

VALUE OF EDITORIAL TIME.—At Sydney, in Australia, among the other advertisements on the first floor of the printing office is a tablet, informing visitors that the office cannot be spoken to unless paid for his valuable time. Accordingly, everybody, without exception, is advised to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting room—one hour costing ten shillings, fifteen minutes three shillings.

PRINTERS beat in Luca and everybody else but their wives. We have one in our office, says an exchange, who has practiced the do-si-do, run a side-show to a circus, kept a singing school, run away with another man's wife, practiced medicine, been agent for a concert troupe, and clerk on a steam boat. He has now reformed and settled down to a legitimate business—that of setting type. We'll make a man of him yet.

The Quincy Union.

All Letters relating to the business affairs of the paper should be addressed to the Publisher.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.
No paper will be forwarded from this office unless the subscription is paid in advance. All papers discontinued when the subscription expires. The rule will be strictly enforced.

CORRESPONDENCE.
Our friends everywhere, who may at any time have knowledge of facts of local importance—accidents, misadventures, doings of public meetings, improvements, curiosities, etc.—would confer a favor upon us, and our readers generally, by sending notice of the same to this office. We will use facts in any shape, and we will take care of them.

ARTHEMUS WARD.—At Ann Arbor, being seized with a sudden faintness, he called for a drop of stuff to drink. As I was sitting the beverage up a pale faced man laid his hand on my shoulder and said:

"Look not upon the wine when it is red!"
Seiz I: "This ain't wine. This is old Rye."

"It stings like an adder and bites like a serpent!"
I guess not," said I, "when you put sugar in it. That's the way I always take mine."

"Have you sons grown up, sir?"
"Well," said I, "I put myself outside of my favorite beverage, 'my son, Artemus junior, is going on 18.'"

"Ain't you afraid if you set this bad example before him, that he will come to some bad end?"

"He's kum to waxed and already. He's larin' the shoe-maker's business," I replied.

"I guess we both of us can get along without your assistance, sir," I observed, "he was about to open his mouth to say something."

"This is a cold world," said the man.

"That is so. But you'll get into a warm one by and by, if you don't mind your own business."

I was a little riled at the feller because I never take anything off when I really need it. I afterwards learned that he was a temperance lecturer.

GRIZZLY FALES AMONG HIS FRIENDS.—The following story is told about Horace Greeley:

The distinguished journalist was coming one afternoon, more abstracted and solemn than usual, from the Bible House, where he looks himself in every day and labors on his "American Conflict," when he happened to be swallowed up in a crowd of vagrants and thieves that are daily sent from the Tombs (city prison) to Blackwell's Island, in the East River. The white-coated philosopher, finding himself in such company, endeavored to get out of it; but a zealous Dogberry, thinking from his costume, that he was a vagrant desirous of escaping, seized him by the collar and marched him to the boat, amidst the jeers of the unfortunate wretches who loved him to be one of their crew. Greeley protested again and again that he had several editorials to write for the Tribune, and must not be detained; but this declaration caused the policeman to declare the "old core was crazy," and must go to the Lunatic Asylum. The boat, full of malefactors, had already steamed out into the river, when some one in the vessel recognized Horace Greeley—mad as a hornet, and being some very strong explosives by this time—and released from his disagreeable predicament, greatly to the delight of the perplexed editor, and to the profound mortification of the over-earnest policeman.

A MAN living near Pembina (in Dakota Territory) had a terrible fight, a short time since, with a grizzly bear for his boy—a lad, ten years of age. The father and son were out in the brush, looking for a coat that had strayed off, and more than a rod apart, when suddenly a bear rushed upon the boy with terrible ferocity. The child had time to give out one wild, heart-rending shriek of horror before the bear seized him. The father, drawing a large hunting knife from his sheath, leaped to the rescue, and a horrible contest ensued. The bear was a powerful creature, and drooping with hunger, but the father was fighting for his boy. Though much torn by the teeth and claws of the bear, he won the fight, and succeeded in carrying his son home in his arms, where both were, at last accounts, rapidly recovering from their wounds.

TAKE HIM HOME.—There was one Jim Wilson, a very run customer, of Cambridge, Me., who used to get converted at every August camp meeting, and soon after getting drunk again, would keep drunk every much of the rest of the year. Rev. Mr. Richardson having got hold of him at camp meeting, made this prayer: "O Lord, Thou hast many times converted this poor sinner, and now again hast Thou made him a subject of Thy saving grace. We pray thee, O Lord, to take him home, and to do it now, for if he remain on earth he will be drunk in less than a week." The prayer was answered to some purpose, for in less than a day he became a reformed and temperate man.

FRIDAY.—The Richmond Times tells a good story about a wealthy ship-owner who was much annoyed at having a day of his week on which he could go no captain, and start to sea. To dispense the superstition he built a vessel in and over which Friday should reign supreme. He laid the keel on Friday—put in the masts on Friday—figured her on Friday—launched her on Friday—called her "Friday"—and found a captain who took her to sea on Friday. Then he presumes he went to be—on Friday, for he never heard of her afterwards.

A KISS UNDESERVED.—A diffident Hartford bachelor went to the sea-shore in August to seek refuge from the loneliness of his celebrity, and one dark evening, enjoying the breeze on the piazza of his hotel, happened to take a seat that had just been vacated by the husband of a loving wife, with whom the happy man had been chatting. In a few moments the lady returned, and, mistaking the stranger for her husband, lovingly embraced his neck and gave him affectionate kisses, with the remark, "Come, darling, it is not about time to retire."

A DISTINGUISHED chemist, while showing that all the species of moving power have their origin in the sun, stated that when the iron tubular bridge over the Menai Straits, in England, four hundred feet long, bent half an inch under the heaviest pressure of a train, it will sink an inch and a half from its usual horizontal line when the sun shines upon it for some hours. He stated that Bunker Hill monument is higher in the evening than in the morning of a summer day; the little sunbeams enter the pores of the stones like so many wedges, lifting them up.

The Parisian belle, this season, is a beautiful Hungarian princess, "vivacious and gracious as a Spanish, eyes of the deepest blue, elegant and graceful as the gazelle, with a beauty surpassing aught on earth, and is a relative of the Emperor," says the Jenkins who writes the description.

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